



"GOOD-BYE, ALFRED DARLING. YOU HAVE CHEERED ME UP. IF I GET LONELY AND DEPRESSED AGAIN, I'LL JUST LOOK AT YOUR DEAR PHOTO—THAT'S SURE TO MAKE ME LAUGH, AND LAUGH, AND LAUGH!"

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (on the rampage).—Q. Who ought to be the best drilled children in the world. A. Pupils at a bored school.

[Description telephoned to Scotland Yard.]

NOTE FROM THE BREWERS' EXHIBITION.—Articles which go "against the grain" in the brewing of beer—chemical crystals.

#### ON LYRIC LINES.

As far as bright costumes, neat ankles, pretty faces, brisk and cleverly-executed dances, sharply-up-to-date-written and pointedly-given verses, can help towards insuring success, *Florodora* at the Lyric can rank with its rivals on the above lines, past and present.

That the writer, who rather cynically debits himself as "OWEN HALL," should not gain any great amount of credit for his "book," is possible, seeing that the dialogue is commonplace, and there is very little "plot." Where would plot and dialogue have been but for the "lyrics" written by Messrs. BOYD JONES and RUBENS? The music by Mr. LESLIE STUART starts at the opening of the first act with a tuneful vigour that promises what unfortunately it never succeeds in performing.

Such songs as obtain encores, and there are several, owe their success to the words and the singing, as in the case of Miss ADA REEVE's song of "Tact," and KATE CUTLER's whistling song; while the encores gained by the dances, especially where the girls and boys come out to play together, for no ostensible reason except that there's nothing else of any interest going on at the moment, are due rather to the neatly-executed steps and spirited style of the dancers, than to any distinct touch of novelty in the music.

Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN is immensely funny in his grotesque assumption of a character that, whether in the costume of the first or second act, might have sidled out of an old GEORGE CRUIKSHANK's caricature book. Mr. CHARLES STEVENS, with song and dance and chorus, is "one of the best"; and the acting which Miss EVIE GREENE throws into the part of *Dolores* suggests that, if ever an English *Carmen* be required, here is the very actress for the rôle.

There is hardly anything striking, musically or dramatically, for the small tenor lover, represented by Mr. EDGAR STEVENS, nor for the beloved burly baritone, Mr. MELVILLE STUART. What an opening this Music-Owen-Hallish Opera offers to presentable young men capable of singing and dancing, who might otherwise be do-nothings by day and dull wall-flowers by night! Why, one theatrical engagement of this sort should be worth five times the salary of an ordinary Government clerk; and then dancing and singing lessons, with charming partners, are included. But this is going away from *Florodora*, which you won't till eleven has struck, and then off you'll go, as *piquante* ADA REEVE sings, "Like winking, winking, winking!"

SUITABLE SPOTS.—*Addingham*—for accountants; *A-mersham*—for pipe smokers; *Bakewell*—for bakers; *Beacons-field*—for lighthouse keepers; *Bed-ale*—for innkeepers; *Beest-on*—for cattle drovers; *Bolt-on*—for cowards; *Bookham*—for railway clerks; *Bow*—for archers; *Brain-tree*—for envious tragedians; *Brought-on-in-Furness*—for salamanders; *Bungay*—for jocular brewers; *Bux-ton*—for pretty dears; *Charing*—for charwomen; *Chatteris*—for busybodies; *Chilmark*—for shivering people; *Clack*—for paid applauders; *Corfe Castle*—for consumptive patients; *Crawley*—for snakes; *Credit-on*—for unready money customers; *Crewe*—for sailors; *Cullercoats*—for harlequins; *Darlington*—for "mashers"; *Deal*—for carpenters; *Denholme*—for lions; *Dor-king*—for hall-porters of clubs; *Duns-table*—for hungry creditors; *Eye*—for egotists; *Flash*—for would-be smart folk.



ROMAN AMUSEMENTS. AT SANGERIUS'S CIRCUS.



### THE EMPEROR AND THE TURTLE.

*The City Turtle and the City Dragon.* "WHAT! NOT COMING TO DINE QUIETLY WITH US?"  
*The German Emperor.* "SORRY! BUT I'M GOING OUT SO LITTLE WHILE I'M HERE."

Advertised to PUNCH, November 22, 1890.

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—or to themselves—

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS PRESENT.**

[ OVER ]

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## OLD STYLE AND NEW.

(An Unreported Dialogue.)

*Chelsea.* I'm glad to find we can have a chat, comrade, thanks to the wireless telegraphy.

*Champs de Mars.* Delighted! Pardon my English, it is so difficult to speak your beautiful language. But I learned some of it when we fought side by side in the Crimea.

*Chelsea.* In the Crimea! I shall not forget the Crimea! Don't you remember that when we English had no overcoats, you Frenchmen lent us hundreds of your own. It was good of you! Yes, it was good of you!

*Champs de Mars.* Pray don't mention it. And don't we—we of the white moustaches—remember how you sent heaps of food and comforts to us when we were starving and dying in Paris? It was good of you! Yes, it was good of you!

*Chelsea.* Pray don't mention it. Half a century ago, and a quarter of a century ago, we were good friends, comrade!

*Champs de Mars.* Ah, indeed, we were! Let us remember it! And yet only a few months ago your papers were calling us all the worst names under the sun during the DREYFUS trial!

*Chelsea.* And your papers of to-day are full of cruel abuse of everything English!

(A long pause.)

Both Veterans (together). Pray don't mention it!

## QUERIES OF THE DISAPPOINTED.

WHAT is to be done with the address that will never be delivered?

How shall an equivalent be found for the profit that never was obtained on the proposed contract for decorations?

How can the rent be paid without the receipts expected for seats to witness the procession?

When will the children (and their teachers) have a holiday to replace the one lost by the abandoned musical demonstration on the line of route?

How can a large banquet be organised to replace the abandoned Imperial luncheon?

What recreation will the Oxford undergrads discover to reward them for the loss of their keenly anticipated chaff of the great and friendly potentate?

And how are the knighthoods and rank of baronets to be obtained in the absence of an excuse for their bestowal?

AN EVENT WE ARE GETTING USED TO.—The fall of LEYDS's-myth!

## BRITANNIA LOQUITUR.

["The Committee of the London School Board estimates that at times when there is no special distress, 55,000 children in a state of hunger, which makes it useless to attempt to teach them, are in the schools of London alone."—*Sir John Gorst.*]

FIRE-EATERS of the Music Halls, in vain ye take my name,  
When your patriotic ballads rise and swell;  
I am not all for glory and for military fame  
And the thunder of the cannon and the shell.  
I am not merely Amazon, with bloody sword and spear,  
And death is not the harvest I would reap;  
I am woman, I am mother, and I still have ears to hear  
The wailing of my children when they weep.

Hark! I hear them; they are crying;  
'Tis of hunger they are dying—

"I SAY, BILL, OO WAS THIS 'ERE NELSON AS EVERYBODY WOS A TALKIN' ABOUT?  
"WHY, E WAS THE CHAP AS TURNED THE FRENCH OUT OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE!"

See this hollow cheek and weary sunken head!

Lo, they perish of starvation,

And you give them—education!

Ah! before you teach, for God's sake, give them bread!

Political Economy you plead in your defence?

You prate of prudence, thrift, and quote wise saws

About the sins of fathers, and, to save your wretched pence,

You preach of Nature's adamantine laws.

Have ye no hearts to pity? Can ye sleep when ye are told

How these innocents are starving? O wise fools,

My little ones are hungry and my little ones are cold,

And instead of warmth and food, ye give them—school!

Hark! I hear them; they are crying; &c.

GOOD PAPER FOR DEAF COCKNEYS.—The 'Earer.





## A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

*Very Voluminous Man (to Invalid ditto).* "AH, DEAR BOY! I HEARD YOU HAD QUITE LOST YOUR VOICE, SO I JUST TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY OF LOOKING IN TO HAVE A CHAT."

## ALGERNON, KING OF THE RUM-BARDS.

(Written by way of Prologue to Mr. Swinburne's new drama, "Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards.")

## SUGGESTED CAST.

*The King of the Rum-bards* . . . Mr. A. C. SWINBURNE.  
*Narsetes (an old leader and counsellor)* Mr. THOMAS WITTS.

*The King.* Well, have you read my drama, good NARSETES?

*Narsetes.* Yes.

*The King.* And you liked it?

*Narsetes (dubiously).* Well—I'm not so sure.

*The King.* It's not a pleasant subject, do you think?

*The King.* P'raps not.

*Narsetes.* Indeed, I'd go a little farther.

I call it most unpleasant, risky too.  
Not quite the sort of book to leave about

Except in very modern drawing-rooms.

The servants, eh?

*The King.* Domestic drama for

Domestics, good NARSETES.

*Narsetes (obstinately).* I dare say.

But even men are rather shocked at it.

I showed it to a fellow at the club,

He called the story "rummy, deuced rummy."

And "rummy" plays are rather out of date.

The Drama's very proper just at present,

And Literature is positively prim.

*The King (angrily).* What do you know of Literature, NARSETES?

*Narsetes.* Come, come, you know you're fond of dubious themes.

*The Sisters* was a very risky play,

*Poems and Ballads* has made many blush,

And there is chaster verse than *Chastelard*.

Not like my *Aylwin*.

*The King (brutally).* Couldn't read your *Aylwin*

—Upon my soul I couldn't—nor your poems.

In fact, I can't read anybody's verse

After the time of Queen ELIZABETH

Except my own. Of course the subject's "rummy,"

That's why I chose it. How else should I be

King of the Rum-bards?

*Narsetes.* Still, I rather wish

You'd tone the story down a little.

*The King.* How?

*Narsetes.* Well, first of all, your King requests his wife  
To drink his health out of her father's skull,  
Which he has made into a drinking-cup.  
That's not a nice beginning.

*The King (aghast).* But, NARSETES,  
That is the very essence of the plot.  
I can't tone that down.

*Narsetes.* What about Act II.,  
That scene between the Queen and *Hildegard*?  
*The King.* But if you wed the man who killed your father  
And turned his head into a drinking-cup  
It may turn yours.

*Narsetes.* That's possible, no doubt;  
We'll grant the Queen's a little off her head,  
But even craziness should have its bounds.  
Would she have made those hideous proposals  
To *Almachiles*?

*The King.* Certainly.  
*Narsetes.* No, no.

I think Act III. is indefensible  
Both from the view of common-sense and morals—  
You might change that.

*The King (testily).* You can't expect the Lombards  
Some fourteen hundred years ago to be  
As chaste as Clapham.

*Narsetes.* Then I think the Lombards  
Should be taboo in modern tragedy.

*The King.* Well, well, let's grant Act III. is rather steep,  
Act IV. a trifle nasty; but Act V.?  
Act V. is not obscene.

*Narsetes (viciously).* Act V. is absurd.  
The King sits at a banquet with his peers,  
A Lombard warrior sticks a dagger in him,  
And nobody attempts to interfere,  
No one puts down his knife and fork, the servants  
Hand round the entrées with unruffled calm,  
The skull of the Queen's father crowns the board,  
(That skull again!) and all is as before.

*The King.* Come, come, NARSETES, that is hardly fair;  
The Queen takes poison.

*Narsetes.* Yes, at supper, too,

—A most uncomfortable time to choose—  
And falls down dead. Does anybody stir?  
Does anybody pay the least attention?  
By no means. One old Counsellor opines  
"Let none make moan. This doom is none of man's,"  
On which the curtain falls! To do them justice  
No one had thought of making moan at all,  
No one had thought of anything but supper.  
Such trivial things as suicide and murder  
Evoked no interest in Lombard circles  
Apparently. But when indifference  
Reigns on the stage it's rather apt to spread  
And reach the audience.

*The King.* This is too much.  
Tell me my play's improper, I don't care.  
Say that the subject's risky, rum, revolting,  
I'm quite unmoved. But tell me it's absurd  
And anger masters me. I'll publish it,  
By Heaven I will. And if you don't review it  
With favour in that wretched *Athenaeum*,  
I'll slate your poems in a magazine!  
*[Exit angrily, in the direction of Barnes Common.]*

INTERESTING SMALL TALK.—Among a certain popular lady's wedding-gifts, on *dit* that there is a cheque from her father's Irish Tenantry. The exact amount we are not permitted to divulge.

Lady W. has declined to join the Society of Female Automobiles. Her ladyship is in favour of associating with the other sex in harmless pursuits.

RELATED TO THE BOERS?—The "Booers" on the first night of a new piece that does not at once make a success. These Booers appear to have been in full force at the *premiere* of *The Canary* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

FOUR-FOOTED COMPANION OF THE "OOF-BIRD."—The *Rhino-eros*.

WHERE BIG ADVERTISING AGENTS SHOULD LIVE.—"Puffin Island."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To those familiar with the work and position of MILLAIS during the last quarter of a century of his life, it is difficult to believe there was a period when he was crushed under the influence of a dead set made against him by influential leaders of opinion in the art world. The discovery is made in the *Life and Letters* edited by his son JOHN, published in two massive volumes by METHUEN. That in the year 1859, JOHN RUSKIN should have changed his early note of admiration for MILLAIS's work for a howl of venomous contumely is, in the circumstances, easy to understand. In a letter to his wife, MILLAIS admits his full understanding of the particular onslaught. More bitterly resented was the abuse heaped upon him by the *Times*, and what he regarded as the unscrupulous jealousy of the Royal Academicians. The public crowded round his pictures on the Academy walls. One was re-hung after a passionate protest from the outraged painter. But able critics jeered at him. "In the midst of success," he writes to his wife on the 10th of April, 1859, "I am dreadfully low-spirited, and the profession is more hideous than ever in my eyes." This was the year in which he had three pictures on the line in the Academy, including the beautiful "Vale of Rest," an especial target for abuse. It is pleasant for Mr. Punch's young men of the present generation to know that, according to the biographer, when "The Huguenot" was exhibited no paper, except *Punch* and the *Spectator*, showed a glimmer of comprehension of its pathos and its beauty, or foresaw the hold it eventually obtained on the heart of the people. *Punch* was always dear to MILLAIS. His letters are full of reference to its weekly appearance. Our DU MAURIER was one of his closest friends, and in this *Life* a whole chapter is devoted to the correspondence and companionship of the two artists, both lovable men. After 1860 the tide turned, and with ever increasing speed and force the world came round to Mr. Punch's opinion of the genius of JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. There is much of pathos in MILLAIS's life, deepening in the black cloud that closed over its end. But on the whole, my Baronite believes, he had the joyous time of a sweet-natured, merry-hearted, clean-minded, strenuous worker. Through the last twenty-five years he came in close personal contact with most of his foremost contemporaries in literature, science, arms, and politics. Many, including MR. GLADSTONE, sat to him for their portraits. Limned by MILLAIS's pen, as deftly handled as was his brush, they flit through these pages. Mr. JOHN MILLAIS has admirably accomplished a delicate task. The publishers have done justice to the work in these handsome volumes, the illustrations of which, over 300 in number, make a unique picture gallery.

*The Four Miss Whittingtons*, by GERALDINE MOCKLER (BLACKIE & SON), in their efforts to make their fortunes seem to have a very hard time of it; but they are "Captains Courageous," and their efforts are finally crowned with success.

DR. GORDON STABLES's new book, entitled *Kidnapped by Cannibals* (BLACKIE & SON), is a story of the South Sea Islands. Exciting and interesting from beginning to end. The reader will appreciate, without envy, the strange and wild adventures of two boys among cannibals.

Mrs. MOLESWORTH's latest children's book, entitled *This and That* (MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.), will be received with great pleasure by her many youthful admirers. They will waste no time in making friends with the two tinies, about whom a very pretty story is told.

Here is another story about children, entitled, *Nancy's Fancies*, by L. E. HAVERFIELD (W. & R. CHAMBERS). But were they only fancies? Who can tell? My Baronitess says that to decide this question she recommends the perusal of this little book, which is very charmingly written.

*Wyemarke and the Sea Fairies*, by EDWARD H. COOPER (DUCKWORTH & CO.), makes a splendid fairy story. *Wyemarke's* numerous adventures are wonderful, and the illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY excellent. Sea-fairies are really quite nice people once you get accustomed to their ways.

In *The Slave* (HEINEMANN), MR. ROBERT HICHENS has given us, says the Baron, a brutally clever book. Once *The Slave* is in your service, he will not be emancipated until there is nothing left of him to finish. The author is, in a cleanly sense, "Zolaesque," and being so he wastes much valuable time in more or less gossipy paragraphs mainly interesting to those who are "in the know" of the "town and gown" of an amateur-cum-professional musical section of Upper London Life. When he touches the quite middle-class professional life of the music-hall *artistes* his imagination has greater play, but this part is a trifle dull. The situation where the unfinished story breaks



Voice (through telephone). "WILL YOU PLEASE LOOK IF I'VE LEFT MY UMBRELLA?" New Waiter. "YES, SIR. IS THIS IT, SIR?"

off is morbid, and, artistically, unsatisfactory. Yet 'tis well worth reading.

*Cooper's First Term*, by THOMAS COBB (GRANT RICHARDS). By no means a pleasant beginning of school life for Master Cooper. In a most unfortunate way is he continually being punished for the evil doings of his school-fellows. However, eventually justice is done, my Baronitess is glad to say, and our young friend becomes quite the hero of the school. His next term will doubtless be a brilliant one.

The authorship of *One Hour and the Next* (METHUEN) is modestly owned by MILLICENT SUTHERLAND. That is a pretty and characteristic touch that attracts at first glance. But Duchesses (in this sole respect like murder) "will out," especially when their identity is the secret of an enterprising publisher. The work is doubtless a first effort, and is marked, as distinct from being marred, by certain amateur touches, notably an occasional quaint formality of phraseology reminiscent of essays written for the eye of the governess. But my Baronite recognises keen observation, graphic power of description, and considerable resource in conceiving plot and character. Occasionally these two last are a little more than an unpractised hand can direct. There follows a sense of unfinished portraiture, and unexplained motive. These are failings which, noted and guarded against, may be overcome. There remains a striking work full of originality, displaying in the circumstances of the authorship remarkable knowledge of the remote stratum of social life dealt with.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS' CHRISTMAS CARDS, &c.—If we have not already realised that the time is approaching when we must bid farewell to 1899, and be introduced to the "New Century," RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS at least have done all in their power to make us acquainted with the fact. My Baronitess congratulates them on their magnificent collection of Cards, Calendars, Books, &c., all most exquisitely and appropriately designed for 1900.



*The Bishop of Lichborough (who has been on a visit to a sporting squire). "Now, I WONDER IF YOUR MAN HAS REMEMBERED TO PUT IN MY PASTORAL STAFF?" William (overhearing). "YES, MY LORD. I'VE PUT YOUR LORDSHIP'S GUN-CASE INTO THE CARRIAGE!"*

### DEPRECIATIONS.

XIII.

OOM ROLAND;

*Or, "How it strikes a Contemporary."*

[“He” (the late OLIVER CROMWELL) “was a practical mystic—the most formidable and terrible of all combinations.”—*Lord Rosebery’s Speech at the Queen’s Hall.*]

I KNEW a mystic, too, o’ th’ working sort, A ROLAND for your OLIVER. This was he.

You saw go up and down Pretoria In sable broadcloth, lustre gone from nap, Haloed about the head with beaver’s pelt, A prophet of the old Mosaic school That breathed a blend of Pentateuchal zeal With intermittent whiffs of local plug. Hymnal at arm-pit, gamp in dexter grasp, He seemed to grapple, not to th’ naked eye, But privily inside, with unseen powers. The mobilising of his antic breeks Spoke unction, and his boots a stout dissent. Now at the bookstall you remarked the man Probing, with curious finger, gloved in black, Some Scholiast on the Fathers, cheap at price; And put him down a lover o’ godly lore, Curtailed by dearth of coppers spared his pouch.

Now you might come upon him fixed at gaze  
Scanning his brave suburban battlements, Hot tear on cheek to think that men of wrath,  
Stout Boanergesses, should stay the dawn O’ th’ second Salem, due this many a year. Anon, his frugal frame refreshed with meat, You might surprise him, handkerchief on face, Recumbent in the Presidential Stoep, And deem you found the Uncle of his race I’ th’ process of assimilating food, Or dreaming (nasal organ loud the while With wheezy souvenirs of solemn airs) How life below might yet be made to yield A purer bliss to who enjoyed his sway, Indifferent whether Boer or British-bred. Ah ! friend, you would have done him grievous wrong By such interpretation—trust my word Who have the net results to judge him by. I say his thoughts were on another quest, Weighing how many Long Toms might, with luck, Suffice to blow into adjacent sea The gentlemen whose bullion bought the same ; Or taking vow of abstinence from soap, Though more than ever rude his need thereof,

Till righteous object should be realised; Which done, would slowly wrestle with arrears.

Mystic, you ’ll say, and practical, beside,— A combination passing bad to beat ! Sir, let his effigy be set in bronze Under the shadow of St. Stephen’s Tower, You ’d see a something in the nose of him Proclaims a CROMWELL, born a touch too late,

With lack of likely monarchs’ heads to crop. Had he just now a king to call his own Think you he ’d cut his head sharp off at nape, Or hold with Avon’s bard—how runs the phrase ?—

*There’s a Divinity doth shape a king, Rough-hew him how we will ? So he might say ;*

But only later, having hewn him first.

I take it, in default of nobler game, Chance given, he ’d not decline the humble head

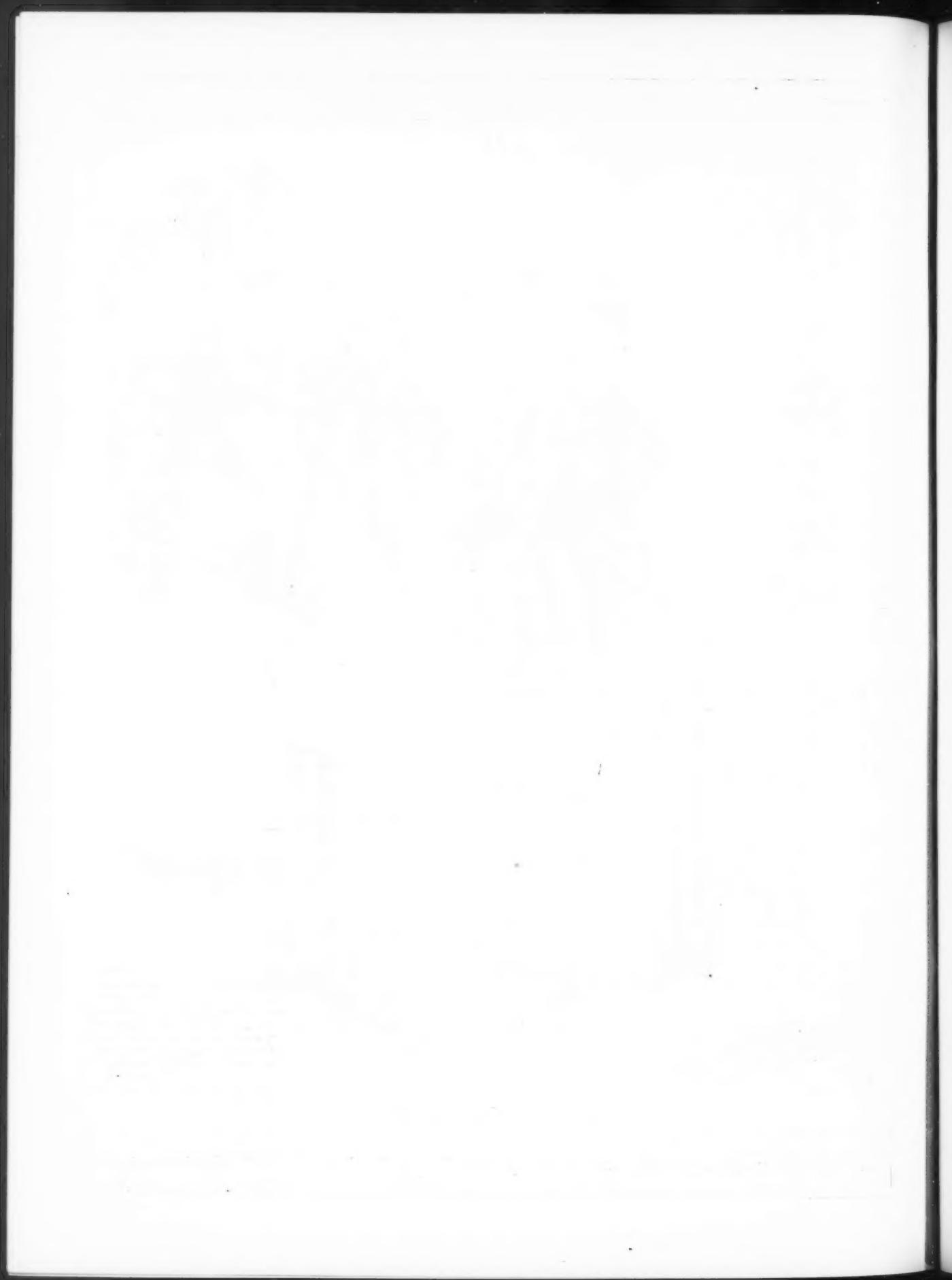
Of CHAMBERLAIN on charger, no, nor his That wags, with price on summit, he knows where.

Last rumour showed our mystic moving South, To serve as cover, good to shoot behind. Well, well, let’s buy a print and get the facts.



SISTERS OF MERCY.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES (to COLUMBIA). "THANK YOU, SISTER, FOR YOUR FRIENDSHIP AND GENEROUS HELP."



## TO AUTUMN.

(By a Believer in "Old October."  
A November Farewell.)

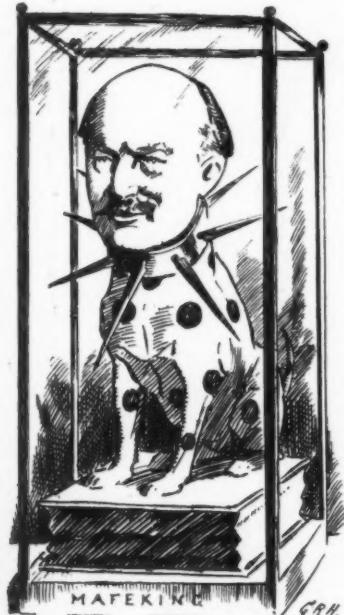
I CANNOT tolerate the Spring,  
I do not like the Summer-time,  
The Autumn only meriting  
To have its praises sung in rhyme;  
The Winter with its Christmas cheer  
Proves too exacting for my purse,  
It whispers "gout"—and, therefore, here  
To Autumn I inscribe my verse.

I cannot tolerate the Spring;  
('Twas said before, but pardon this,  
For as it's not a usual thing,  
The sentiment needs emphasis.)  
The poets prate of birds and buds—  
For me the Spring-tide bears its tale  
Of British workmen's cheerful thuds,  
Of blossoms from the whitewash-pail.

I do not like the Summer-time,  
With fiery sunshine beating down  
(Suggesting some remoter clime),  
For often am I then "done brown;"  
My wife craves country change, where she  
"Views 'Nature like an open book'"—  
A "Luxe" edition it must be,  
Her bills have such a costly look!

For me, the bracing Autumn days,  
With recently re-kindled fires,  
The annual, recurring phase  
Of "rubbers" (knowing naught of  
tyres);  
No "change," no "Holiday Appeal."  
No "cleaning out" disturbs the air,  
When to the blazing hearth I wheel  
My easy, after-dinner chair.

## MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



A MODEL—BRITISH WATCH-DOG.

A working model of the ideal watch-dog (BADEN-POWELL variety), alert, resourceful, good-tempered, and courageous. Mr. Punch's model is at present confined rather strictly to its kennel at Mafeking, where Her Majesty's subjects and property are in its keeping.



She. "THAT'S A NICE HORSE."  
He. "NICE LOOKING. BUT HE'S WRONG IN HIS WIND." She. "WHAT'S THAT?"  
He. "HE CAN'T GALLOP A MILE WITHOUT WHISTLIN' LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE."  
She. "WELL, I SHOULD SAY THERE'S NOT MUCH WRONG WITH HIS WIND IF HE CAN WHISTLE LIKE THAT AFTER GALLOPING FOR A MILE!"

## AT THE TORTOISE AND TINTACK.

Vehement Opponent of our present Colonial Policy. I can stand a good many things, but this I can't stand—I've never stood it, I won't stand it now, and I never will stand it!

Ribald Supporter of the Government. What's that, Uncle—a drink?

[V. O. says "Good night" abruptly.

## EVOE BACCY!

DEAR ADMIRAL PUNCH,—The Rev. ANDREW A. W. DREW, of St. Antholin's Vicarage, Peckham Rye, solicits a Christ-

mas gif of "baccy" to the naval gunners in Sout Africa, and their lordships of the Admiralty have fallen in with Mr. DREW's views, as well as H.R.H. the Duke of YORK, who opened the subscription list with £5. We mustn't forget the smoke at Ladysmith, the result of quick "returns" on a "bird's-eye" view of the situation. "Navy cut and come again" should be plentiful for the pipe of war.

The lads in blue  
Wi be drawing DREW  
An DREW we trust will be drawing too.  
Yours baccynalianly,  
REGINALD O'BRIER.  
Raleigh Mansions, S.W.



**UNRECORDED HISTORY.—REVIEW OF THE "QUEEN'S OWN SUBURBAN EVERGREENS" BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.**

It will be readily understood that, with the bulk of the British Army otherwise engaged (in "winning something off a slate"), there is some difficulty in providing His Majesty the German Emperor with an adequate military display. Our artist would humbly suggest that a March Past of our Military Veterans would be at once fascinating and impressive. West Kensington and the Service Clubs could be largely drawn upon. (Noise.—German PARADE-TREP (Gout permitting) for this occasion only.)

AN  
ANNOUNCEMENT  
ABOUT  
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Irate 'Bus Driver. "YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT FOR ME, WOULD YER?"

## LITTLE QUEENIE'S COOKERY BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

## PROLOG.

So many children have requested me to tell them how to cook danety and economikle dishes for dolls and other persons that I have consented to write out a few.

The great ame I have amed at has been not to recomend anything which a child cannot be trusted to undertake when nobody is looking on.

I assume that cook or somebody will cherefully suply all necessary matternials—but if not they must be proccured by other menes.

Some ressipes are not so nice or amusing as others, but I believe there are many children to whom it is a rele pleasure to cook wether the ressults are nasty or otherwise.

I am qite sure that if my young readers once thuraly master my dirichtions, a time will come when they will have an opportunity of doing so.

## MAMZ'LL'S OWN SOUP.

Soup is cunposed with stock. You should comence getting stock a long time before—say a fortnight. Old bones without any meat on make excellant stock and are not difficult to obtaine if you have a large retriever dog and are frends with him.

Another good plan is to take an envelope into Scoolroom dinar and colect fat &c. Also colect vegitibbles (such as pitatos Brusies sprouts &c.) until you have enough to fill a sponge bag—first cutting them into small peices with a pair of ordinary embroidery scissors.

When you have plenty of stock you put it all in a suacepan and allow to simer on the nursery hob for as long as nurse will permit or doesn't notice. Then fill up with water and serve hot for Mamzell's lunshin.

If she inquires what the soup is made of, tell her that all the best cooks have their profeshinal secrists.

## SISTER FLOSSIE'S FISH FRITTERS.

This is a very good dish for a quiet doll's dinar party, where there is only the family and old frends.

Wait till there is going to be a grown-up dinar party; then go down into the kichen and find out if it is sammon or other large fish.

Take a peice the size of your biggest doll's leg from somewhere in the sammon where it won't show, rap your hankerchif round the peice, and run upstairs. Or you can ask cook to oblige you with an oister (natives are better than cooking ones).

Having proccured your oister, sammon, or other fish, devide it carefully into a dozen or more porshuns, and add to each porshun two drops of Salvo-lattery from the bottle on the night-nursery mantlepeice. Then roll in batter into shapes like bowlsters and serve.

This dish keeps well and will do for severil diners.

## DOLLY'S CRISMAS TURKY.

This is not a turky realy, because that would be too big for almost any dolls, but a boned lark out of the kichen (or, better still, the pantrey).

If falsemeat is desired, you make a hole in the lark and insurt the end of a cold sossage. But dolls very seldom touch falsemeat or any kind of stufing.

Having thuraly wiped the nursery shuvel, place the bird on it and hold it over the fire till it is rosted, being careful not to drop the lark into the flames more freqintly than you can help, because it is never so good after once being on fire.

Serve with porridge, which makes an exelent substide for bread suace.

## A DELISHUS PUING FOR BABY.

Take the insides of three Brazill nuts and pound them up with a slice of gingerbread, two pepmints, and a doll's soupladelfull of aprecut jam.

Pour trekil over and serve when nurse is out of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have severil other most delishus ressipes all of my own invention (except some which I have been told by my brother TOMMY, Cusin BILLY and other emnint orthorites), but these I must keep for another occasion so no more at present from

Your loving little QUENIE.

NEW NOVEL.—Probable. We shall expect to see *Her Darling's Out* as a sequitur to Miss BRADDON's latest success, *His Darling Sin*.

MOTTO.—"England's difficulty is the Music Hall's opportunity."



"OH, MUMMY, WHAT A LONG TIME YOU 'VE BEEN ! JENKINS HAS BEEN SWEARING SO!"

#### LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TO LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

MY LORD,—Amongst the many who hold you in honour, and rejoice that a man of so great and varied a mental equipment, of an eloquence so persuasive and manly, and of an honesty so rigid and fearless, should be the Lord Chief Justice of England, not by any means your least enthusiastic admirers are those who are members of your profession and were briefed, it may be, with you or against you while you were still a barrister. Those who were once your juniors and are still proud to be known as your friends, can remember the hush of expectancy that fell upon the Court when CHARLES RUSSELL rose to cross-examine. Self-assured frauds (I use the word as *Huckleberry Finn* uses it) might have succeeded in persuading the jury, nay, sometimes even the Judge himself, that they were miracles of resplendent virtue and injured honour; but, before you had been on your feet for ten minutes, the skilfully woven fabric of their lies was torn to tatters, and they stood forth abashed and derided in the nakedness of their dishonesty. One poor lady (I almost pity her as I think of the scene) had told us that she was the niece of a Canon of the Church of England, that she had been a nurse during the Franco-German War, that she had a younger brother in America, and that certain money and houses were hers by right since she had received them as a gift from an old gentleman who had intended to make her his wife. She was pretty, she appeared to be young, she was decently arrayed in tasteful black, and shivers of sympathy went through the Court as she related the touching story of her sufferings and her wrongs. You took her in hand and dealt faithfully with her: she had never been a nurse in France, or if she had, she was certainly also in the west of America during the whole progress of the war; she failed to recognise the Canonical uncle whom, she said, she had known intimately for many years; her brother was her son, and altogether, before you had finished with her, she had fully qualified for the term of imprisonment to which the Central Criminal Court at a later date sentenced her. And the impostor, PIGOTT, who can ever forget his appearance as he reluctantly wrote the fatal and convicting word "hesitancy" at your dictation before the Judges who sat on the Parnell Commission? I cite but two of your innumerable triumphs.

I remember many more, but I may safely leave them to the memory of my readers.

Those who worked with you, your juniors in a case, knew that if they were to satisfy you they must use their utmost diligence and their highest skill; but if you were, as you were right in being, an exacting taskmaster, you were never grudging in the praise you bestowed on honest and laborious effort, and praise from you was valued above everything else by those who had fought at your side, had watched your own zealous and unremitting warfare, and admired the strength and the certainty with which you wielded your weapons in the fray.

These thoughts and memories, my Lord, occurred to me the other day when I read your address to the new LORD MAYOR. If your juniors at a conference sometimes felt nervous when they had to face that penetrating eye and listen to those words of steel with which you were wont to go to the root of a question, what must have been the feelings of the civic dignitary who had proceeded to your Court in his gaudy coach through streets crowded and beflagged in his honour on the opening day of his mayoralty? "ROBERT," the City Waiter, I remember, drew in his *Diary* a painful picture of an ex-LORD MAYOR's emotion. Throughout his year of office he has banqueted with Princes, Field-Marshals, and celebrities of the different sorts; he has been my-lorded by all men, from Cabinet Ministers down to the well-fed and gorgeously liveried lackeys whose pride it is to execute swiftly his smallest behests, until, lo, on the morning of November 10, he wakes to hear his valet say, "Your hot water, Sir," in a tone not unmixed with the contempt that pursues potentates who have fallen. Something like this revulsion of feeling must have afflicted his newly-inaugurated Lordship the other day: he entered the Court a full-blown LORD MAYOR, and in a moment, by a pantomime change, he became as a schoolboy in the sanctum of an uncompromising headmaster. The contrast was as piquant as it was startling to the turtle-fed retainers who had accompanied his hitherto triumphal procession.

With the particular matters that called forth your remarks in answer to the Recorder's introductory speech I have no concern. When the LORD MAYOR shall have cleared himself of all such imputations as may have been made against him, I shall rejoice as heartily and as unaffectedly as you. It is pleasant to note that the first steps in this process have already been taken. I wish to speak on this occasion of the larger matters suggested by your speech. That speech, following as it did upon the one delivered by you on a similar occasion last year, struck a note too little heard in high places in these days. We are passing through one of the recurrent phases of the money-getting fever. It has spread its taint everywhere. Men whose names and the tradition of their families should have kept them spotless have yielded to it, in common with all the motley herd who seek to be rich without the dull delays that honesty places in their way. A strange tolerance is now extended to the merely wealthy. Men are willing to serve them, to do their dirty jobs, to fetch and carry for them, to stand, if only on the outskirts of their golden shower, without any curious inquiry as to the means that produced it. Society accepts and fawns upon a millionaire, no matter whence his millions come. The man who can set *Pactolus* flowing has his hosts of smart and titled and respectable parasites to help him in grubbing in the river-bed for gold. The old methods of honourable dealing are voted humdrum, while fraud and deceit are accounted the acme of cleverness. And so, in the clash of contending rogues, the weaker and more scrupulous go to the wall, while the bold ones, who shrink at nothing, trample them underfoot amid the admiration and applause of the onlookers. Here and there such revelations as were afforded by the HOOLEY case astound the public, but the effect is transient, and soon the merry game goes on as keenly as before. Is it to be supposed that the evil results will long confine themselves to the world of finance? Experience proves the contrary. The germs of this disease are insidious and far-reaching, and the national character for honour and uprightness and just dealing, on which our people prides itself, must in the end suffer if nothing be done to check them.

Therefore, my Lord, I welcome your outspoken declaration. A voice like yours was needed to rouse us from our lethargy, and to spur our statesmen to action. You have done great services to your fellow-countrymen at home and abroad, but you never did a greater than when you reminded them that you and your colleagues, the Judges of the land, have your faces set like flint against dishonesty, that you exist to punish evil-doers, and that you will not fail of your duty if only other men will do theirs.

I am, my Lord, with profound respect, Your Lordship's obedient servant,

THE VAGRANT.